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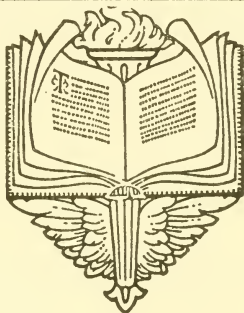
SPARKLING SUNBEAMS



BY

Jesse Granvell Kuser

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JESSE GRANVELL KINSER

TRAVE-TRAMMELL CO.
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CONTENTS

	Page
The Days of Life.....	1
Prelude	1
Dawn	5
Morning	9
Noontime	13
Evening	15
Conclusion	17
The Foreword March	19
Meditation	20
A Word for the World.....	21
Immortal Wealth.....	22
My Soul and I.....	23
Down by the River Side.....	24
Under the Boughs of the Cedar.....	25
The Call of the Ages.....	26
The Lord's Servant.....	28
Never Complain	29
The Falling Star.....	30
Fighting for Fame.....	32
Under the Snow.....	35
Songs of the Rain.....	37
Under the Jolly Old Pine.....	39
Our Precious Boy.....	41
Untainted Riches	43
Their New Year Pledges.....	44
Backward Progress.....	48


PREFACE



WHEN the author finally lays aside his pen, and finds that the day has really arrived when he must submit the fruits of his labor to the approval of the public; he is generally beset with a fit of hesitation, lest his award should be a veto. Especially is this true when it happens to be the first leap in the dark—when, for the first time, he sends to press the volume that is to make or scandalize his reputation as a writer.

With full realization of the fact that poetry won't sell, I submit to the public this little volume, that they may judge whether it shall find a place in the library or be consumed by the flames.

—The Authór.




The Days of Life.

PRELUDE

The morning sun we see arise
Afar within the eastern skies,
Sending down it's certain light
That mortal hand can ne'er blight ;
For darkest clouds have only laid
Upon the earth a semi-shade.
There's not a day so much like night
But that somewhere the skies are bright,—
There's not a heart so torn and sad,
But that some other is so glad.
There's not a sun that doth appear,
Without dispelling someone's care,—
Pick out a day of any choice
And someone's ready to rejoice!

The sun next climbs the clear blue skies,
And seems then to decrease in size,—
The rays are brighter and more strong
Causing the heat to follow on ;
And then the midday sun is more
Like a great fire that's hinging o'er,
For now the rays are falling straight,
And seem to carry more weight.
Then in the evening, sinking low,
To rest, the sun appears to go,
And cooler grows the atmosphere,
While everything seems to send cheer,—
Yet is saddened to think the moon
Shall drive away day's ruler soon,
And Robin's solitary song
Tells that the day will soon be gone.




Life can be portioned as a day
In every form and every way,
For one can feel within the heart
That days are all in life a part,—
That out of days life is composed,
As of minutes the hour grows;
As out of hours come day and night,
And on and on Time speeds in flight,
Until a lifetime has been spent
Unto the slightest element,—
For who can change a single breath
After they have once tasted death?
Be the life mean or be it great,
The time of death will never wait;
But while the flying moments flow
It is assurance for to know,
That, if the aim's not all in life,
There is a joy as well as strife,—
Assurance all rejoice to see,
Eternal immortality.

O! heart that breaks, and gives no signs
Until the star of victory shines,—
O happiness, that's free for all,
Too glorious for words to enstall!

The thorn that springs within life's state,
Is caused when we won't cultivate
More nobler thoughts and nobler things,
That unto all blest kindness rings,
'Til goodness shall our watchword be
Thru endless times—eternity.


Looking from the promontory
Of a wreckless past life's story,
That's conveyed not in a voice



That we would make as a choice ;
But that's brought thru our experience
In our past life's grand adherence ;
Our heart grows sick to think back o'er
Glad things that'll come to us no more.
Then how'd we find consolation,
In our past life's excavation,
If not into our memory come
Some good in life that we have done
That puts the pleasant thot in mind
When we were blessed by being kind ?

When e're we take and don't intrude
Our hearts are filled with gratitude,
But when we give still grander grows
The blessings that our giving sows,
For within us life will revive,
And things long dead will come alive ;
For when we look upon the dead,
For whose sake, loving tear's we've shed,
We easily can recall the time
We tried to be helpful and kind.
But let us know that we have wronged
A single one that's from us gone,
And then we shudder and regret
That their lives we have ever met ;
For it's better that we never know them,
If there's no blessings we'll bestow them.


When one is born and life's begun
We may compare them with the sun,
That's creeping o'er the eastern hill
A mission on earth to fulfill,—
To push the cart of wrong or right,—
To fall or triumph over might ;
For what the world needs now is men



That are determined for to win,
And make moral life more ample
In setting a good example,
Then one needs never fight to be
A helper of humanity.

Then busy is the human mind
That thinks for better all the time,
And trifles not with useless thot
That in ill temper has been wrot,—
Who lives for good, and good alone,
To help their nation and their home;
And, tho their talents be but few,
They strive to push their notions thru.
Out of a thousand one is borned
Who as a leader is informed,
And who a great mind is given
To help bring earth close to heaven.
Could a ship the ocean weather,
When the wind and storm clouds gather,
If no one stood beside the wheel
To guide aright the mighty keel?
How stronger, then, must mortal stand,
If they intend to make the land;
When winds and wave are raging high,
And the rocky coast is drawing nish!


O Time's mighty growing era,—
O dream that's so mighty cheery;
Speak out in voice so loud and strong,
And overcome the mighty throng,—
Speak loud, that all the world may hear
Who may be stranded far and near,
Or floating idle in the bay
Of things that were of yesterday,
Then tell each heart what secret that



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It has been so mystified at.
We little know what some keep fast
Beneath the shadows of the past,
And how within their heart doth beat
The fire of some celestial heat,
For self can't figure what that we
Are mostly gifted for to be,
But we must surely pave the way
To be the winner of the day,
And know that, tho we understand
The things accomplished by the hand,
We never can attain the art
Of knowing secrets of the heart.
End of Prelude.

I

THE DAWN


The purest days of all a life
That are most wholly free of strife;
An epoch set apart for play
With not a care to drive away,—
No care of toil, the whole day long,
But blessed with every gentle song
The birds all chant among the trees,
Or as they ride upon the breeze;
With melodies that are so sweet
That grand orchestras can't repeat,—

This is the days of childhood mirth,
The grand prelude to all the earth.
We all look back from years of toil
Upon the things that childhood soil,
And hang our head in pensive thot
Of things of life that can't be bought;
The careless stroll thru field and dell,




And woods we understood so well;
For who can measure sportsman's joy
As can the romping hunter boy,
Who, with a rude home-made popgun,
The rabbit and the squirrel will run;
Imagining himself to be
A wanderer from o'er the sea,
Come to this wildly wooded place
To overawe some native race,
Until they all shall tribute bring,
And fall before him as a king;
And that, on his returning home
No more in distant lands to roam,
He'll be awarded with a name
That thru his native land shall ring,
And in the future day shall stand,
A great Columbus of the land!
O could such fancies long endure
Our earthly pleasures to insure,
'Til simple life would seem a part
Of all the phantoms of the heart.

Oh, how oft', with lights extinguished,
Do we lay awake in anguish,
With humble homes once more returned
To that of which we're most concerned;
That was to us such a fold
In which our future course to mold,
And learn the lessons of the school
That's founded on the golden rule
No college lore of church or state
Can e'er contrive to imitate,
For no pulpit can ever be
As holy as a mother's knee,
And in no country can we roam
That ever will compare with home.




We often in minds roving feel
That things of life that are most real
Are memories that long have lain
Within the chambers of the brain,—
That things of now are but a dream
Of which we only catch a gleam,
That present things are but a sign
To verify the future mind.
But what could be more real than life
That's made of constant joy and strife,
That Nature's did her evel best
To make to us of interest,
And show to us that it's not sleep
But a great harvest for to reap,
Of joyous love and bright sunbeam,
And is to us more than a dream.

Now let us, as we bear awhile
Upon the era of a child,
Once more recall the golden days
We spent in happy childhood ways,
And over past days have a talk
That no base prejudice can mock;
For, tho our thots be now apart
As each pursues a different art,
The past brings pleasures to us all
As happy moments we recall.
Our hearts must melt to tender mold
As in the golden days of old,
And, thru the power of noble mind,
Endeavor to be good and kind,
If we should e'er expect to see
The pleasure of the present glee,
And in the future have a past
That sweetest memories hold fast.
We, too, must not forget that we



Are still a-sailing on life's sea,
And, tho we may seem near the bay,
We must not turn from out the way,
But recollect that man is one,
While that all things by God is done;—
That troubled life is but awhile
'Til we reach the celestial isle,
Where, with the loved ones gone before,
We'll sing sweet songs for evermore,
Recalling o'er and o'er again
That serene joys are far from vain;
That, tho this life is incomplete,
The blessings here seem ever sweet
Beyond reach of gold or silver,
For God is the only giver.

O child, laugh on your pleasant way,
As you shall be forever gay,
For nature made your burden light
That other lives you may make bright,
And be a sunbeam to some soul
That may be wandering from loves fold.
Tho you don't see things of the hour,
You now do wield your greatest power;
For you are father of the man
That in the future day shall stand
The crowned monarch of land and pool
If only he himself shall rule.
How oft' beside the clear blue stream,
You lay beneath the tree and dream,
Where flowers bloom along your side
With grasses growing far and wide,
While from the water is the view
Of all reflected back anew;—
Alas for him who cannot see
The beauty of a sight at thee!




How vain it seems that pen will try
Those golden days to justify,
For greatest talents cannot find
Words that will overrate your kind;
And why should secrets e'er be told
Which every heart in store doth hold,
Imprinted in a better rhyme
Than lifeless words can ever chime.
It seems that o'er the world is cast
A charm that holds each being fast,
Respecting neither sex nor age,
But all ambition doth engage,
And gives to every life a charm
That keeps it from depressed alarm;
This is the bugle that to all
Onward to "progress's" road doth call.
So, child, remember that today
You have just started on the way
To blaze your future pathway out,
And fling obstructions all about,
Until the road of success be
Of chance or failure wholly free;
And try to ever thankful be,
That pleasure lies ahead of thee!

II

MORNING

The time of life we now shall try
To, thru our method, justify,
That those to follow catch a view
Of the grand epoch's rosy hue,
And in the memory imprints
Thots of the glorious element
That constitutes the youthful way,
So happy, carefree and so gay.




Youths days are mostly understood
As the best days beyond childhood ;
For ever is the youthful heart
To be to man the counterpart
That little buds are to the grain,
Or floating clouds are to the rain—
For youth the victor e'er shall be
As nears manhoods catastrophe.


So when life's sun has soared on,
And childhood days are nearly gone,
Then will appear the youthful thot,—
The scale on which a life is wrought ;
For here's the stage where we must choose
The solid road, or the race loose.
If we push on to scorn and laugh
At what shall be our epitaph,
Looking only at the present
In a way so light and pleasant,
And caring not what is before
Forever knocking at our door,
Then surely there will come a time
When in regret we will repine.

Of course, the future we must face,
But let it be not in disgrace ;
For we can pray and bravely hope
That care our life won't envelope,
'Til faith from out our heart is cast
Until the anchor holds not fast,
But let's our spirits float afar
Into a sea of deep despair,
For safer are we in the sod
Than to lose faith in man or God.

Blest be the youth who looks before




And plans his future welfare o'er,
To see the things he must achieve
The decline of age to relieve;
Not too intent on great estate
All ambition to fascinate;
And sacrifice his soul and health
Accumulating mighty wealth;—
Or else expecting to see fame
With a great and immortal name.
Great opportunities won't call
Entreating onward one and all,
But every heart can scale the height
Of doing little duties right.
Tho we may but a beggar be
We all can share in charity,
By conquering the inward lust
And share with any our last crust.
Just cultivate a thinking mind,
That's of the great and noble kind,
And it will soon attain the art
Of guiding right the hand and heart;
And then will time have something grand
To e'er entrust at his command
The youth is the great creation
Of a solid built foundation,—
For can a house endure and stand
That has been built upon the sand,
Lest when the sands should overflow
The mighty house adrift would go,—
But one that's built upon the rock
Can withstand far the greater shock,
And stand up mighty and sublime
Defying threats of passing time.
Bare rocks a shelter won't afford
Against a gale's destructive hoard,
Therefore life without the living



Is a gift without the giving.
So matters not how bold we stand
We must be sure to make the land ;
But if our plans should seem to fail
We must not stop to give a wail ;
For the great fight is never done,
But at the end seems just begun,
And arms we never must lay down
Until we wear the victor's crown,
Then rest from labors shall be gave
When we must slumber in the grave.

Thoughtful youths will sure inherit
A better progressive spirit,
With courage efforts to renew,
And push his plans of life all thru.
Youth, arm yourself with justice's sword
To battle with temptation's hoard,—
And greatness have thru being meek,
Gaining your strength thru being weak ;
But don't forget that the sublime
Are those who practice being kind.
Let onward, upward be your aim,
If you would magnify your name,
And do not shirk when duties call
You to the service of us all ;
For faithful ones in little things
Over the greatest statesman reigns,
And he that can himself control
Is fit a nation's laws to mold.
So, youth, press on, your sturdy aim
Of the bright future to attain ;
And when you've grown to be a man
Responsibilities to stand,
Do not forget the fight's still on
By falling in the path of wrong,




Until away your dear soul floats,
Thru sowing wildly your wild oats
Among the burr and the weed,
Fruits of which the world has no need.
Don't spoil the good of your mission
By giving over to ambition!

III

NOONTIME

So now we find that mighty soon
A bright day will arrive at noon,
And heat the earnestness will lend
That every one can't comprehend.
The time has now arrived when we
Must ever at our labors be;
For now the play is in full swing,
And rehearsal is a past thing.
Out there in front's the audience
That we must win to confidence,
If we would ever blaze the way
To be the hero of the play.
This shrewd old world is hard to get
To take a thing that's counterfeit,
For she has learned that all we see
Don't bear the seal of legality.
Tho for awhile we may deceive,
And bribe her in us to believe,
If we are not the genuine
In adversity we'll repine,
For everybody wants the coin
That of all counterfeit is shorn.


With manhood comes the time so real,
Responsibilities to feel;
For life is spiced with many plans



To be accomplished by his hands.
Tho, may the simple childish hopes
In some degree declined and broke,
It's consolence to look back o'er
The things of life that's gone before,
When we were rich amid our plans,
That 'round the root of childhood stands ;
For we can laugh that time is still
Afforded all plans to fulfill.

A little word may help the world,
For with a pleasant thot unfurled,
You may convey to some the way
That leads on to a better day ;
Then they, in turn, may pass it on,
Where sparks of hope may have been gone,
'Til all are thirsting for the truth
That brings to age a golden youth.
A helpful man may help a state
All base abuse to amputate ;
And worthy states will help the world
The flag of progress to unfurl.

O man you know you should live true,
And be right, tho it's with the few ;
For all the world upon you look
As one who works have undertook ;
Remember that to be ample
You must set a good example.
It matters not what road you tread,
Someone your way will be led,
That will your career duplicate,—
Tho it may be so dissipate.
It's such a blessing that if we
Endeavor in the right to be,
Some other soul our way we'll win,




To be a great helper of men.
So let each day of life we see
A period of true joy be,
'Til when the road of life is trod,
And we find rest within the sod;
May deeds of our life tell again,
In living we'd not lived in vain.

IV

EVENING

The day of life's now to arrive,
After we many years survive,
When o'er the plains the shadows creep
And the red sun sinks down to sleep;
With nature e'er serene and fair
Cooled by the balmy evening air.
We know that, tho the day is gone,
Another greater still shall dawn,—
That, tho we mortals must lay down,
'Tis to receive a starry crown,
That is so heavenly and rare
No monarch on the earth can wear.


Our bark is near unto the shore
To travel mortal seas no more;
For yonder on the pebbly strand
Lies, beautiful, the promised land,
Where is the cool refreshing shade
Beside the glowing everglade.
We now upon the ruins look
Of things in life we undertook,
But that misfortune did assail
And cause our efforts all to fail.
Why care if some contrivance may
Work out just the contrary way,—



The earth, the planets and the sun
Cannot be altered just for one ;
But when we reach the time at last
When life is all within the past,
We should have learned to look and live,
'Til we, our failures, can forgive.
Alas for those who cannot see
The path of immortality,
But blunders onward to the sod
Disbelieving in the only God,—
Who has not found, with fathful will,
That freedom is impossible,
But that we all must ever stand
A slave unto our fellowman.

A sea gull, flying from afar
Upon the bosom of the air,
May become weary of the flight
That leads into the misty night ;
It's thots, tho, are upon the shore
That lies serenely out before,
Where he shall find the needed rest
Within the shelter of his nest.
Likewise life's pilgrims, prodding on
Until the day seems almost gone,
Has something just ahead to view
When he shall begin life anew ;
For was there e'er a storm so wild
But that somewhere the bay was mild,—
Was e'er a life so broken down,
But that some hope within was found ?


Is it not well that we lay down
To leave our children to the crown ;
For should the shadows wish that they
Could be turned back into the day ?



The world has had it's many score
Of good that trod the path before;
So well we know so long as men
Shall live, that good shall come again!
Go forth, we but await the day
When time shall call us on our way;
Then, if the future we but know,
How could we naught but gladly go?
A longing is in every heart,
A tear in every eye,
To only know a single part
Of things within the sky;
So when we all our time abide
And cross the mystic sea,
Our happy souls shall swiftly glide
Into eternity.

CONCLUSION

When God created all the earth
He knew the volume of its worth.
He placed hereon the many things,
With different hoof—with scale or wings;
And finished all things, then he could
Conceive that all he made was good.
If things discovered by man's brain
Appears so great that people fain
Would ornament with brilliant praise
That it the good of life shall blaise;
Far greater could immortal hands
Beautify all the many lands.
So in God's judgment men were made,
And in His perfect image laid;
But life and knowledge were withheld
That perfect power won't be felt
Until, thru ages of progress,
We learn to overcome distress,




By yielding to the truth divine
The guidance of our wayward mind ;
And travel o'er the mighty road
Into our eternal abode !

O, is there cause for to regret
That trials of life we have met,
And wish that we were immortals
 With hearts light as a summer day,
Dwelling within dreamland's portals,
 Enchanted by an endless sway,—
That active life was but a dream,
 And pleasures were imperfect sleep,
Where we could never catch a gleam
 Of the great harvest we should reap ?

I wonder, oft', how such a thot
With any reason could be wrought,
For we've but to await the day
To realize the future sway ;
And no one should wish to lay down
Until they should deserve a crown,
Or cast away the mortal mask
Until they have performed their task ;
For no one ever can draw pay
Until they finish up the day.

So, let us, as we enter things
That fate before our vision brings,
Endeavor to remain a part
Of blessed ideals of the heart.
O, may we fear not to be right,
Tho all our foes may wield the might,
And leave upon the path we've trod
The witness of the truth in God.


THE END.



The Foreward March

As you trod life's mighty highway
To your bright and distant goal,
Do not fret if from some byway
Trouble should demand a toll.
Do not think that she'll assail you
With her threats so fierce and strong,
For your courage will not fail you
If you'll only travel on!

If you don't like her appearance,
Why speak to her on the way?
She'll offer you less interference
If few words to her you'll say;
Then as you press on your travel,
On time's sand to leave a track,
The threads of joy you'll unravel
By never be a-looking back.



Meditation


I stand on the verge of life's wonderful sea
My fond gaze stretched outward afar,
While sweet strains of music comes floating to
me

Thru limitless realms of the air.
My heart then grows tender and throbbing with
joy,

Glad tears twinkle down o'er my face,
For what can the pleasure of life's hope destroy
When sweet songs lurk in every place?

Tho the waves on the rock may thunder and
roar,

And the sun in the heavens grow dim,—
Tho shadows are cast on the water and shore,
I ever shall cling unto Him;
Shall list' to the volumes of heart-thrilling song
As in silence they fall o'er me;—
O, let the glad music roll on and roll on
Thru the age of eternity!



A Word for the World


You say, my friend, the world has run
'Til blood can't make it redder ;
But pray tell me what you have done
To help to make it better.

Have you not tried to do your part
Where ever duty calls you,
Or have you hardened up your heart
Against what hope befalls you.

Do not expect the world to heed
Words that are blank and narrow,
But if you're willing to succeed
It'll hear you on the morrow.

Perhaps the world is not so bad
As you have seemed to measure,
For I'm sure you oft' have had
Free and unbounded pleasure.


Just let the world go on its way,
Still you should endeavor
To find a little word to say,
That shall help it forever.



Immortal Wealth

We thank thee, Lord, for poverty
That has crept in to stay;
That conqueror, sword nor cannon
Can never drive away,—
For, tho we sometimes think that she
Is such unwelcomed guest,
We know she ever shall abide
Within our humble nest.

We pray thee, Lord, that riches won't
This hearty friend repel,
And bribe us for to think if we
But rich are doing well;
For, tho we have no horded gold
That we cannot measure,
With our dear poverty we know
That we'll have our pleasure!




My Soul and I

Of't I lay awake thru the misty night,
As thots of the future bedim my sight;
While my heart throbs on with irregular beat,
And I seem in a trance from head to feet.
I then know a battle's to rage within
That each combatant desireth to win;
From my heart there's sure to issue a sigh,—
There's a conflict between my soul and I.

This battle is fought o'er anew each day,
Lest that one combatant should hold full sway,
The war is prolonged thru the reign of life,
Tho each one is weary of the long strife.
A chance for to win would never be left
If I always fought the battle of self;
Yet life is held dear by this prolonged tie,—
This great conflict between my soul and I.

If it should happen in some future day
That I and myself has the right of way,
If life should rock on in the free-way might,
I pray that my soul shall renew the fight;—
May keep in my mind that I am but one,
No matter what I may think I've done;
That I may ever to my God be nigh,
And brave in this war 'twixt my soul and I.




Down by the River Side

Down by the side of the clear blue stream,
Fast asleep in the brightest of dream,
Sweet flower of beauty gently lays
No rest from the joy of happiest plays;
Freshest of bouquets are by her side
With lilies all blooming far and wide.
O! but the sight doth bring unto me
A never-departing company.

Down by the brink of the crimson flow
Where grasses are waving to and fro,
While from in the water is the view
Of all things reflected back anew.
Over my face there creeps a glad smile
To see the reflections of my child,
That's gently growing hour by hour
To more resemble a fresh-bloomed flower.

Down where the water goes twinkling by
Happy the moments of childhood fly;
Dear happy omens which seem to tell
That in the bright future all is well.
It brings unto me the deeper thot
Of the days on which a life is wrought,
And it keeps me happy all the while
Like unto my darling little child!



Under the Boughs of the Cedar

Under the boughs of the cedar,
Wet with the winters snow,
Lies still the idle of my heart,
Buried so long ago.

Under the boughs of the cedar,
How oft' we sit so long,
Listening to the melodies
Of all the birds sweet song.


Under the boughs of the cedar,
How green the grasses grow,
For long has my lover lain there
Freed from the world of woe.

Under the boughs of the cedar,
O blessed spot of peace!
With flowers, oft' I decorate
The one that lies beneath.

Under the boughs of the cedar,
Who dares profane the spot?
For there's where my heart lies buried,
Tho some may have forgot.

Under the boughs of the cedar,
Beneath the cold, cold sod,
Lies one that I can call my bride
Under the laws of God.

Under the boughs of the cedar,
How fast time seems to glide
'Til I am borne in splendor
To sleep fast by her side!




The Call of the Ages

Dear Lord, we know that we are weak,
That your bright paths we seldom seek
When we are tempted to delay
And from your glorious fold to stray;
But from the fact we're incomplete
Make blessings of our life more sweet,
Until we fully understand
That all is guided by your hand.

Lord God, be patient to forgive
That we may ever in you live,
And strength may have to push the fight,
That's of the never failing right,
Towards that day when man shall rise
In might, as like a grand surprise,
We learn to be mighty and great
By taking you for our inmate.


Dear Lord, our prayers seem sometimes vain
As we repeat them o'er again,
But show to us you'll count them good
When we had that you never would.
Tho we may falter, may it be
To falter nearer unto thee,
And if we stumble let us fall
In what direction you may call.

Dear God, give power unto us all
That from you we may never fall,
For if at work we're never found
Our efforts surely will rebound;
But may we by our works be kept
In a position for to help,
And when we cry out in distress



Show to us which path is the best.

O God, our lives guide all the day,—
Guide every word that we may say,
And everything we do so free
May your approval on it be.
Make our lives useful to mankind
That words to cheer them we may find,
And when on earth no more we roam,
Lord God, we ask you, take us home!



The Lord's Servant

My heart is the Savior's garden,
For the fruits I bear each hour,
Is the good deeds I am doing,—
Kind words I say thru His power.

My hands are the dearest workers,
The harvest they bring each day,
Is sheaves I garner from ruin,—
Flowers I pick by the way.

My tongue is made for to praise him
For blessings he sends me each day,—
To ring the message to others,
Whose soul is floating away.

My feet are to walk in the pathways
Of righteousness, peace and love;
Should they be tempted to falter
God's help comes down from above.

O, let each part be a helper,
Let me march onward my way;
And in the last reap the harvest
That he is sure to pay!



Never Complain

The life's road is long and hard
And our souls grow sick and tired;
Or our courage should grow faint,
Never make the least complaint.

Christ bids us our burdens bear,
So let us all do our share;
Tho the sky may threaten rain,
Of the journey don't complain.

Satan fain our cause would hurt,
But the banner don't desert;
For no trouble here can reign
If we're never to complain.

When we've chanted our last song,
And death's chill is creeping on,
Songs of gladness we shall sing,
"O we never need complain."

But in triumph when we stand
Safe in Canaan's happy strand,—
Just to hear the glad refrain,
We will never then complain!




The Falling Star

One night I stepped into the air ;
My eyes espied a shining star,
Which in the elements did shine
Like as the light of one sublime ;
Embosomed there to send it's light
To reign upon us one more night,—
Watching o'er us as we sleep
To dream of giving joy we reap.
It sent to me a joyous thrill,
Yet while my eyes with tears did fill,
As the memory of one gone
Flashed in upon me there alone ;—
But quicker, still, than joy's glad sigh,
That star fell, blazing thru the sky.


There mute I watched it as it fell,
With wonder too refined to tell,
For the meteor from far above
Fell like a messenger of love.
Perhaps it may have missed this world
As from the higher it was hurled,
But still, in fancy, I can feel
That unto me it did reveal
A lesson that's with me to stay
Driving all deep despair away.
I shall relate it to my friends
'Till it a lesson of hope sends,
Causing them to look from strife
Upon the sunny shores of life.

Blessed are the bright stars that shine
So clear and hopeful all the time,
That dark clouds never mar the sky
When it's bright rays are passing by ;



A star in simple daily life,
With neighbor, friend, with child or wife;
Not only shining once a week
As for right it may go to seek,
For truth is found not in a day
And then for centuries lain away,
Keeping from wrong the finder's soul,
As he bounds on towards his goal,
For each bright star, tho great or small,
Must shine each day, if shine at all.

So let us as we onward bound
Strive to keep our ships clean and sound,
And not forget that we may fall,
Tho our career in life be tall.
If we don't at the oars abide
We sure are drifting with the tide
Letting our duty ebb away
'Till we have surely lost the day,
But we are sure our boat to land
If we but to our duty stand.
O! may I press on in the fight!
O! may I wear the shield of right,
And keep in mind the simple thot
That just a falling star has taught.



Fighting for Fame

Once I heard the stories
How artist old could paint;
I thought I'd be an artist
And never say, "I can't."

First I searched for a pencil,
And paper, too, I found;
But ere I'd tried ten minutes
I dropped them, then I frowned:


"Perhaps it wasn't a pencil
The painters used to use,—
Wonder what it e'er could be,"
I solmenly did muse.

I heard then of the hunter
That tracked the grizzly bear
Afar into the mountains;—
That killed the little hare.

The fever then possessed me
A hunter for to be;—
To roam the airy mountains
And their wonders see.

I took my father's rifle,
A wondrous gun of old;
And started out to practice,
Despite the awful cold.

First I fired at a cypress,
With aim so cool and steady,—
Tho I had missed my target,
My nose it sure was bloody.



Soon I become discouraged,
My shooting was so poor;
I thot I'd never, never go
A hunting any more.

Once Mother read the poems
Of poets who were great;
And I was interested,
Tho I was only eight.

I thot I now had found it,
And that I soon would be,
As great a noted poet,
As you could ever see.


I tried three weeks in earnest
To fashion out a rhyme;
But, sure as you're a livin'
I missed it every time.

One day I asked my mother
To tell me how to win,
Instead of make a failure
In all that I begin.


“One thing, of all, you're lacking
My little boy,” said she,
“And that is education,
Going to school, you see.”

From day to day I pondered
Upon what she had said,
From arising in the morning
Until I went to bed.

I've about made my decision,



That what Ma said is right,—
That you must first prepare yourself
Before you go to fight.




Under the Snow

This very day
Under the clay,
Mouldering away,
 She lies, I know ;
With her blue eyes
Closed to the skies,
There she lies,
 Under the snow.

From us away,
Ever to stay,
Never to say
 Sweet words, so low ;
She, Death did take
Over the lake
To never awake,
 Under the snow.

Skies were so blue,
Nature so true,
Cares there were few
 When she was here ;
Now she is cold,
Under the fold,
From us her soul
 Sped from all fear.

Once her sweet smile
Banished all trial,
And all the while
 Happy were we ;
Little we thot
What luck had brot,
What nature wrought




For we were free.

When flowers bloom
All shall be gloom,
Still there is room
 Upon her grave;
Flowers we'll spread
Over her head,—
Tears we'll shed
 While our hearts rave.

Come, let us bow
For Sella now,
For we know how
 Mourning will grow;
Then as the years
Dry up our tears,
Then will our cares
 Vanish and go.

She has no care
Trouble nor fear,
She is not here
 With us to go;
She is at rest
From all oppress
Gently caressed
 Under the snow.

(This little "Pome" is one of the author's earliest compositions, and is the first he had the pleasure of seeing in print. Out of respect for the past, no revision has been made.)



Songs of the Rain

The rain falleth down
Dancing with glee,
As tho singing songs
Here unto me.

So charming and low
Is the sweet sound
As the drops patter
Over the ground.


With sheltering sense
Ruling in spite,
Gladly I yield to
Lonesome delight.

The birds take refuge
In their retreat,
Still their silent songs
You will repeat.

Each stream is refilled
With freshest flow;
And chaunting low hymns
Onward they go.

When it is raining
Why should I care,
With such a charming
Dull atmosphere.

The flowers all need
Your loving kiss,
So is your duty



Never amiss.

O rain, let my heart
Forever be
Pure and so wholesome
Like as to thee!



Under the Jolly Old Pine


Winter is here
Ending the year,
 So jolly is Christmas time.
The rifles crack
Along deer's track
 Leading away thru the pine.

On to the front
Of the grand hunt
 For pleasure tonight's the time;
Happy we go
Forth to and fro
 Under the jolly old pine.

Campfires burn bright
Into the night,
 Lonely the pale moon may shine;
Happy and free
Ever are we
 Under the jolly old pine.

Come boys, awake!
Deeply partake
 Of good old mountain moonshine;
Plenty for all,
On it we fall
 Under the jolly old pine.


When bed time's here
Little we care
 Where that our bodies recline;
Snow's for our bed,
Boughs for our shed,—



Boughs of the jolly old pine.

Hounds are at bay
Far, far away,
 In such melodious rhyme;
Now we shall eat
Venison sweet
 Under the jolly old pine.

Let the winds blow
Boughs to and fro
 Yet nature's ever benign;
Sheltering sense
Ever intense
 Under the jolly old pine.



Our Precious Boy

Now in baby's eyes I look,
Which are clearer than the brook,
For they no trouble ever show,
As there is none there to grow;
So bright, so clear, with no shame
Stamped within them ever plain
As the written history,
As it is with you and me.
All his life is thru them told,—
Truth, directly from the soul;
Simple, plain, childish way
He exhibits every day.
He's so mighty full of fun,
A to-be-proud-of little one,
Who's always in some playful prank
Characteristic in his rank;—
A precious baby brother, dear,
Whose smile will banish every care.

Oft' he sits upon my knee
And, looking up, smiles with glee,
Telling in his childish words
Little stories oft' he'd heard;
Expecting for me to return
Amusement under each concern,
Until his eyes with sleep would close,
And swift into dream-land he goes,
A dreaming of his daytime toys
When nothing to his world annoys.
He dreams of things he'd played before
Here and there about the floor;—
Then, of a sudden, he would wake
And again his plays would take,—
O! it's pleasing for to see

A precious loved one filled with glee!

Shall he always like this be,—
Shall he linger here with me?
Will he always be a boy
Overflowed with ceaseless joy?
No! He'll grow to be a man,
Then his face by sun will tan,
And instead of shadows small
His shall grow out long and tall.
His joy shall shorten with the year
His laugh'll then grow hoarse with care:—
Then his plays'll change their mood
Unto constant solitude.
His hands then shall go to work,
For I'm sure they'll never shirk;
Duties then shall hold him fast
'Til his idol's reached at last.

Another thing to come is death,
That could part us with a breath;
Either him or I could go
From this world of so and so,
For to dwell within the grave
'Til final judgment shall be gave;
Then with the loved ones gone before
We shall dwell for evermore;
And with the loved ones gladly stand
In that bright celestial,
Recalling o'er and o'er again
That mortal life is far from vain.
Until that time, let us be true
To the one who keeps us thru,
And praise Him for the boundless joy,
Thru our darling baby boy!



Untainted Riches

O! when all our work is ended,
When the night time comes along;
When the sun has low descended,
And the birds sing their last song,—
When we know that by our labors
We have done our level best, ,
Blessed is the hour that bringeth
Happy night time, peace and rest!

Each morning, forth with high spirits
To our work we march away,
Filled with hope of honest labor
Thru another happy day.
So, when duty has been fulfilled,
And once more we homeward go,
We receive the fruits of labor
That in honest work we sow.

Then sit we down to wholesome food,
A bowl of bread and milk,
What care we if some folks may go
Rich clad in finest silk?
We know that we have earned our rest,
That God won't question why,
That when at last the day is gone
We lay our labors by.

Likewise, as on thru life we go,
O let us ever be
A faithful toiler in the field
Of all humanity.
And when at last, when shadows fall,
When life's long road is trod,
Give us repose, forevermore,
Within the house of God.



Their New Year Pledges

A New Years day comes right away
To visit our ole town,
So newest leaves, our lives to ease
Are being turned the round.
Si Hodge has quit the cigarette;
Ed Thompson's cut out beer,
While ole Jack Watts swears by his cats
That there is naught to fear
About his skate a calling late,
And making natives hide,—
(Before he's made them hunt the shade,
When they his bottle spied.)
Old Hiram Jones has changed his tones,
And'll stay at home henceforth,
Instead of spread a terrible dread
Thruout the police force.


Doc White has been to school again,
(At least the rumor goes)
To brighten up his mental cup,
Or show off what he knows.
Next year, of course, we'll feel the force
In pulling thru a spell;
For things, they say, he's laid away,
He finds it hard to tell;—
He says he'll quit the humbug kit,
Bad habits, too, must fall,
He's sure to charge sums not so large
Each time he makes a call.
O, who could hear of such a year,
That Father Time's sent down,
That such a charm of true reform

Has gone the country round!

Well, as for me, you here can see,
I'll make the terrible fuss,
And say that in this world again
You'll never hear me cuss.
It's quite a job my speech to rob,
But there's where honor shines;
For, bless your luck, I've undertook
The thing near twenty times!
Last New Years marked my soul embarked
In the reforming ging,
All habits went, right outward sent,
Regardless of the sting,—
I was to stan' a model man,
And show the folks my nerve,
Instead of spread my darned cuss-word,
Which only Satan serve.

A week I kept my branded "rep,"
Without a profane word;
From Deacon Spott a better lot
Of talk was never heard.
But come the time when, in mood fine,
I went to milk the cow,
She took a hank to play a prank,
And certainly knew how;
O, what hard luck—her hoof it struck
The ball spot on my head,—
I'd give a dime to had the time
To've killed her good and dead!
But milk and blood, my face did flood;
I sit down on my hat,—
My Sunday clothes, wet to the toes,
What would you say to that?


I sauntered out to see about



Getting my wife some wood,—
Three licks I hit, the stuff to split,
And my success was good.
It thot my face the handiest place,
Straightway made for the mark;
I felt the pain of such a rain,
Then everything grew dark.
The accident to my brain went,
And a great storm formated;
For with the scars I saw more stars
Than ever was created!
Temptation took to my ill luck,
And told me 'twas but vain,
For folks to say in such a way
They'd never cuss again.

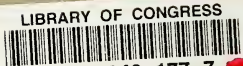
Then, with a frown, Ma sent me down
The cellar one Sunday morn,
To get a jar of pickled fire,—
Peaches, cider and some corn.
It was such stack for me to pack
That when I started out,
My big feet slipped, my balance tipped,
And I retraced my route.
The glass all burst—I got the worst
Shampoo I ever saw;
With such a treat, who fears to meet
An enraged mother-in-law?
But, sure as fate, it was too late
To grumble at the stroke,—
I was baptized and paralyzed,
And my great pledge was broke!

But still this is another year,
And as all things are new,
Just to be kind, I've set my mind



To join the reforming few.
It's best, they say, to butt away,
And change things if you can,
And not recall a former fall
In carrying out your plan;
For tho the others may desert
And resume their errous way,
I've set my head that I'd be dead,
'Fore another cuss-word I'd say.
But, if next year, I find with fear
My resolutions dying,
I'll say, begad, tho results were bad,
There's no harm done in trying.

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